

It looked as though the career she had seen as just beginning had suddenly and definitely come to an end. Worse, this enforced inactivity came at a time when her own personal unhappiness, her doubt, even, as to whether she had not made a mistake in the essential direction of her own life, was at its darkest. The work of which she was now deprived seemed the one narcotic which could enable her to bear the "vain repetition of the waves of feeling." It must have been a very bad moment, but if she ever saw it as more, she grotesquely underestimated the fibre of her character and the energy of her intellectual drive. Indeed, in the midst of despair, she was enough concerned to prevent the attraction of more labour into the already over-stocked market of the Docks to write to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a protest against a plan, then being mooted, for the establishment of relief works in that area. By return of post, she got a letter from the editor "May we place your signature at the head of the article?" This cheered her, somewhat, as well as it might, it was the first, and a valid, recognition of her quality as a writer on social questions. Nor is there any hint of real despair, or of real abandonment of hopes of the career, in her next step.

"Having sampled the method of observation and experiment, what I most needed was historical background, and some acquaintance with past and present economic theory."

To see this, was to act upon it

^{et} Owing to my habit of early rising, I was able to

get through a
good three hours of sustained study and
concentrated thought
before breakfast "

The reading was the stiffest possible—
Ricardo, Marx,
Jevons, but, more and more, she was, and knew
she was,
passing out of the stage of mere reading of
books by others
"Concentrated thought" was beginning to
take more and